Vol. 1 Chicago, Illinois, August, 1924 No. 5

The Liberal

THIS IS TO LIVE!

"Let each man think himself an act of God—
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God."

"True bliss is to be found in holy life;
In charity to men—in love to God."

"To dignify the day with deeds of good,
To constellate the eve with holy thoughts;
This is to live."

—Philip James Baily.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

CHICAGO

Ten Cents a Copy One Dollar a Year

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

* * * * * *

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

* * * * * *

"No gain in the church has ever come or can ever come to one who does not keep supremely uppermost the spiritual values."

—Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, Editor, The Christian Register.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Vol. 1 Chicago, Illinois, August, 1924 No. 5

THESE TIMES

In the first month of the year 1776 Thomas Paine wrote a book which he called "The Crisis." Almost the first sentence in that book is, "These are the times that try men's souls." By these few words he gave an accurate characterization of that dynamic and formative period in the development of his country. All down through the years there have been trying and testing times. At periods the outlook for the future of America seemed very dark and uncertain. There were years when dismay stalked up and down and despair dwelt in the hearts of the people. Enemies from without and foes within have, at different intervals, trained their venom against her. Now and then some self-appointed prophet foretold her doom and some self-constituted demagogue predicted her dissolution. Mistakes there have been aplenty. Here and there have been tragic mis-carriages of justice. Child labor is still an ugly festering sore upon her fair form. Economic inequality and discrimination at times are fairly obvious. Betrayal of her valuable interests have occurred on the part of trusted and honored officials. Yet never for one moment since the organization of the national government has revolution or riot seriously jeojardized our foundations. And they never will. American citizens have a surer way of readjustment and reform. They vote. The ballot box is the only arsenal needed for the internal conditions of a democracy within a republic. The chief obstacle in a democracy against just conditions throughout is the individual who refuses to exercise the right of franchise. Stop talking, grumbling and complaining about congressmen, members of the legislatures, officialdom in general and make the protest really efficacious and articulate by your conduct at the polls.

The next few months will witness our quadrennial war of the ballots. The scene will be enacted this fall with a little more animation due to the presence of a third party movement. Yet it seems from this distance that everything will take place according to schedule. The political arena is always more thrilling when there is a third party around to tell the truth about the other two. The two major parties this time will have considerable help in detecting the vulernable points of each other. This is the best reason for the existence of a third opposition. I look forward to the battle with zest. The harder fought, the sweeter the victory. Let every side fight to the uttermost and give no quarter. The clearer defined the issue becomes, the more intelligently one may vote. I have read carefully the party platforms and the difference is largely the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. One would have little to choose from if the issue was simply one of selecting from a party platform. The party platform has never been anything but a campaign document. Whoever heard much about the platform after the election was over? It will be great fun to attend the various political rallies. Our political orators will come into their own again. Our stock phrase, "of the people, by the people and for the people" will be glibly shouted by every side until its triteness becomes all the more wearisome. But what about the "dear people?" They are the arbiters; with them rests the final decision. There has never yet been elected a national congress where more than fifty per cent of the possible voters expressed themselves at the polls. It seems to me that one of the very

important tasks in a democracy is to get the people to the polling places. It cannot be accomplished by compulsory measures. It can only be achieved by cultivating a sense of loyalty and need. A desire to see the best man elected and the best measure enacted must exist in the heart of the citizen. Voting is not only a right, voting is a duty. The most vicious element in our national life is effectively organized. Every discordant, disrupting, group knows the value of "getting out the vote." Why must the constructive faction who has only the highest welfare of the nation at heart be outnumbered and out-generaled?

If the first distant rumbling of the artillery of words in the coming affray are heard correctly there will be much "calling of names" and epithets of vituperation exchanged when the battle breaks in full violence. The individual voter must not be easily influenced. Noise is not synonymous with truth. Bombast is not argument. Heat is not always light. Conjecture is not fact. It will be no easy matter to sift out the truth from all of the debris but it can be done. In the doing rests the future. "These are the times that try men's souls."

BE IT RESOLVED

We Americans have a fondness for conventions, organizations, lodges, committees ,reports, investigations and all of the other features of a highly institutionalized society. I know people who reach the ultimate of joy when they are made a delegate to some convention. Parading the streets of a strange city with a brassy badge is to them the quintessence of happiness. The convention is very much a part of our American modus operandi. It is born out of necessity. The convention is the clearing house for an organization. There is nothing that can quite take its place. It will become a still greater factor in the attainment of the success of an organization. Particularly is this true of churches, lodges, leagues, and other humanitarian groups. Not the least value of the convention is the resultant publicity. The member far remote from the place of meeting may sit at his own fireside and hear the speeches, while the various news agencies send to hundreds of daily newspapers details of the meetings. In a very true manner every worth while convention is now a national event.

Nothing which transpires at a meeting of the convention caliber so designates the spirit and purpose of the gathering as does the resolutions adopted. Our faithful friend, "Be It Resolved" is always a delegate. The convention "resolves," then the delegates hurry for home, most of them forgetting what it was all about, and get ready to attend next year. It's the great American Convention sport. Then the sad thing to relate is that no one seems to pay the least attention to any of the "Resolving." If passing resolutions would have stopped war it would be as unpopular as murder today. If resolving would have cleaned up corrupt political practises our government could have disbanded the Department of Justice ere this. If resolving could have affected church unity, the revolting competitions between various church groups would have ceased long ago. Hardly any phase of our educational, political, and religious life but what has had its contact with "resolving" Conventions. Resolutions without resolution, are mighty anemic spectacles.

There have recently been held in various parts of the country, great conventions of almost every important religious group in America. The reports of these meetings in the various religious publications have been very illuminating. Resolutions were offered and adopted which incorporated almost every aspect touching our collective life. The first import of all these is an attestation that the church has greatly enlarged its concept as to its work in the world.

No longer does it feel that its whole mission is expressed in a program of personal evangelism. Salvation is no longer exclusively individual, but is social as well. A social religion is being emphasized, and the church feels its right to speak on child labor, war, temperance, communism, graft, waste, cruelty and economic injustice. Most of the resolutions merely expressed in conventional terms exactly the attitude one would expect the church to assume. There was no startling or radical stand. No remedy of tested merit was suggested. Vague platitudes in most cases clothed the resolutions. Every social ill must be treated by a scientific remedy. Prejudice and tradition have no place in permanent amelioration. The cure must be worked out along free and unharnessed lines. The political surgeon and social scientist must be welcome in the ranks of moral idealists and ecclesiastical groups. Sometime they will be received with a cordial welcome but not yet. This is the reason why the resolutions of church bodies sound so ideal and worthy and yet are so ineffectual to change conditions. They "resolve," while others perform, in the labratory of society. There are outstanding brave minds in every religious body who have labored long and well with practical remedies. Men who know economics and who understand social relationships. But they are men with the scientific attitude of mind. With them, facts are of primary importance and their philosophy of program is determined by the exactions of operating principles. Their spiritual fervor and idealistic impulses are the generating influences which inspire them. As yet they are having a difficult time with certain reactionary groups, but the future efficiency of the church depends upon assisting them in the nobility of their undertakings.

Because of its timeliness as much as anything, more publicity was given to the "Resolutions on War" than anything else the various church conventions did. The possible exception is the controversy which arose between the modernists and fundamentalists over the election of their respective candidates to church offices. In two incidencies the tactics employed would eclipse the manipulations of a Ward Healers' Convention, while in one incident the fundamentalists had a schism in their own ranks. Anyhow, every religious body of any importance, is on record concerning war. All agree that war is wrong. All evidenced the reaction that it is apparently futile. The resolutions for the most part were carefully written protests without any teeth in them. Some took a stand against all war except that of defense and invasion. It seems a sad comment on the church as an institution that all of them, without any exception, did not go on record as favoring, in the event of war, conscription of wealth as well as men. One political party in its National Convention did do that. Great church societies and organizations depend on large gifts from the very rich for their continuity. Probably some of the churches would not be considered favorably in wills and donations if they passed a resolution that wealth be conscripted along with manhood. Be assured if another war does come that it will be a time when every natural resource, of men and metal, will be in the crucible. There will be no escape and few exemptions. Old men make wars and young men fight them. Perhaps it might be a real "peace" measure to enact a law that in the next war only men over fifty be combatants. When do you think it would be declared? There has been so much sickly insipid puerile sentimentalizing about this whole subject of war that it has almost become nauseating to the student whose familiarity with history is sufficient to acquaint him with the distinction between an occasion and a cause. The occasion for war is one thing and a cause is quite another. Years after a war was fought to end war we are passing "Peace" resolutions and getting ready for another one. "Be It Resolved"—as it is now so it ever shall be, world without end, Amen!

MOSTLY ABOUT PREACHERS

On a rainy afternoon a few days ago five preachers sat around the cheery open fire in my little study on Black Duck Island. A preacher on a vacation is a much more interesting fellow than one might imagine. Never think of him as the same man that you see Sunday after Sunday in the pulpit. If more preachers would be as human in the pulpit as they are when holding a fishing rod while a five pound small mouth bass is putting up a gallant fight, there would be many less empty pews. It takes the same technique to be a successful fisher of men that it does to be a successful fisher of fish. I have learned after twenty-five years of fishing experience that to be a successful fisherman one must select his bait with the view point of the fish in mind rather than the fisherman. Almost all of the fishing baits manufactured are made to look enticing to the fisherman with little consideration of what attraction they might have for the fish. Would that all preachers might realize the truth of this in their quest for a public!

My preacher friends and I talked about many things that stormy afternoon. They were all fine noble men. The Rev. Farrell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Centralia, Illinois and the Rev. Mr. Waldo, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Riverside, Illinois, had come to spend their vacations with Major Sutherland, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Tower, Minnesota, my summer Postoffice address. The other member of the party besides myself was the Rev. J. M. Thomas, pastor of the Ravenswood Congregational Church of Chicago. Each one of them is an ardent lover of the out-of-doors and an enthusiastic angler. As to their success as fishermen I refuse to write for I greatly desire a continuation of our delightful friendship. Anyhow if the fish refuse to bite an empty creel it is not the fisherman's fault. I assure you that their bait was perfect and their technique faultless. Fishing is the only thing I know of that a man can work hard at all day long coming home with nothing and yet bringing back more than he went to get. Much as I love to fish sometimes it is merely a legitimate excuse to get out on the water and spend awhile watching the clouds, listening to woodland voices and seeing the Kingfishers play. Getting fish is only a part of fishing. The other part is just being out-of-doors. Whenever I meet a preacher who sincerely loves nature I know he is worth while. I care not what his denominational label might be or the size of his church. If that preacher is true to himself his sermons will break all boundary lines of creeds and dogmas and throb with the spaciousness of sea and sky. A man who lives with the beauty of God's world in his soul will inspire men with the message of God to all who come in touch with him. The sermons of every great preacher that I have ever read are copious with illustrations inspired by their kinship with trees, lakes, stars, sunsets and moonlight. Such sermons never are scented with the cloister. Men hear them gladly. No "bilious religion" is preached by such a preacher. The classic example of effective preaching was given by Jesus. He was a preacher of the out-of-doors. Almost every great religious truth to which he gave utterance was illustrated by an illusion to some beauty of the lakes and hillsides he knew so well. Some preachers these days are too occupied emphasizing dogmas and theological theories to pay much attention to artistry of the Master Preacher.

These preachers won me at once on our fishing trip and increased my esteem in our fireside visit. They were sensible men for they took their vacation away from the veneer of civilization. I never could understand how preachers could make their vacation an opportunity to attend conferences, summer assemblies, give lectures,

conduct meetings or visit the usual summer camp with some sort of an "uplift" as the objective. To sit in an impossible auditorium at a summer religious assembly and listen to an archaic preacher hold forth on "The Prophecies of Daniel" on a hot August night would be a tragic vacation for me. I would rather stroll at sunrise down a woodland trail and hear the waking anthems of the birds—there's more religion there. There is a great amount of so called religion being preached from many a pulpit that needs to be taken out in the air. A sunshine bath would materially improve it. The words of an old hymn comes back to me now:—

"Open wide the windows,
Open wide the door
Let a little sunshine in."

What a difference it would make if those who sing these words would only practice them! If we would stop pampering our religion and take it out to face the elements of the out-of-doors we would have more people in doors to hear us talk about it. Something must be done for church attendance seems to be falling off. I am not so familiar with other cities, but I gave considerable thought and time to the conditions in Chicago last winter. During the winter Mrs. Bradley and I spent many Sunday evenings in various Chicago Churches. Whenever I was not preaching or had to leave on a train to keep a lecture engagement we would visit a church. Curiosity, or criticism were not our motives. I was interested, as all preachers are, in hearing certain men. We never visited one church that had even a respectable audience. In one church that seats 1600 people I counted 286. In another that seated 600 I saw 185 people. In a church which is almost the geographical center of the great population of Uptown Chicago there were only about 250 people gathered while at the very hour we were there probably 10,000 people were sitting in the theatres within a radius of a few blocks. This small audience had gathered notwithstanding the fact that a few minutes before the service some singers, with a small street organ, and an exhorter had endeavored to get people inside. I know what the preachers say about it. They cry, "this is a Godless generation, given over to amusement and pleasure." They will think of every reason they possibly can to shift the responsibility on to the public. When the fish do not bite your bait, brother, did you ever think about changing baits? You can fish so long in the same old spot with the same old bait that the fish grow so accustomed to the lure that they give you the fish-laugh. But things take on new life when you spring a different bait on them. Soon they become so curious that they land safely in the boat. Fishers of men, you are brethren, and you cannot catch either fish or men, without some attention to your bait. All of this is not an apology nor a plea for sensationalism. I despise sensationalism in the pulpit. I have seen many a sensational preacher come and go in the years that I have been in The Peoples Church. There is no more shallow affected or ephemeral character than the sensational preacher. But there is a wide chasm between being sensational and being interesting. Religion is the most interesting theme in the world and inspires the most fascinating treatment. Imagine Beecher, Parker, Jowett, or Swing being dull and uninteresting. They made every sermon oscillate with vitality and swing with rhythm. They always preached as though the sermon being given might be the last. Their appearance in the pulpit was an event. Man, manner and method all were in harmony with the living eternal theme of religion. Suppers, banquets, clubs, gymnasiums, contests, tableaux, moving pictures, drama-sermons and unusual sermon titles, can never successfully compete with a personality in the pulpit. In spite of all the characterizations hurled at the people of this age by preachers who are out-of-joint with the times I believe sincerely that the question of religion is uppermost

in the minds of the people. They are more interested in it than ever before. They are thinking more about it. They are not believing everything told them by priests, rabbis and preachers. They come to you now with a chalenge. The people are no longer gullible on questions of religion. They are sincere in the quest. In spite of the unfair and unjust criticisms of our young people they are thinking about religion. They can ask many a question that would tax the resourcefulness of the wisest sage. Religion is very much alive although some churches have about expired. The preacher these days in order to hold his own with the automobile, radio, and the Sunday newspaper must learn the lesson of how to be interesting. Merely having a message is not sufficient. He must master the art of presenting that message in a refreshing and attractive manner. It is a down right sin to be dull in the pulpit. The most scholarly man in the pulpit of my acquaintance is appealing as a preacher because he has discovered the secret of making every sermon scintilate and ripple with human interest. He is as refreshing as a stroll along a birch trail.

His sermons are not bookish but literary, not pedantic but thoughtful, not scholarly but educational and not theological but religious and he always has a congregation. If we had more such preachers we would have more filled churches. Preaching is an important part of church activity and if neglected or undervalued sooner or later a decline in the influence of the church will take place. What better preachers our long suffering churches would have if more of them would get out in the wilds, get on some outing clothes, leave off their white collars, put on some old boots and let the winds, the rain and the sunshine bronze their faces and revitalize their hearts. Every church would benefit a hundred fold if it would send their preachers back to the woods for a while every year and every preacher would come back to his work a new man.

BOOK-CHATS

I had not seen a daily newspaper for nearly two weeks. We had gone down to Pine Island to have dinner with the Rev. Dr. Thomas and family. Dr. and Mrs. Zetlitz, of Sioux Falls, S. D., were the other guests. Upon entering the summer home of my friends I said, immediately after the usual greetings were over, "Well, what is going on in the world?" Dr. Thomas turned to me and said, "Joseph Conrad is dead. He passed away last Monday." I was a failure as a guest the rest of my visit. I could think of nothing interesting to say, the conversation of the others seemed unimportant and lacking in appeal. I was thinking of Conrad. The Conrad that I knew and loved. The Conrad that had made it possible for me to sail on unfamiliar seas and thrill with unusual adventures. The Conrad that by his genius of character portrayal had given me many new friends. The Conrad whose deft artist fingers drew for me eradicable pictures on the canvas of life. I have never seen Joseph Conrad but I knew him and his passing was like that of a much loved friend. The announcement of a new book by Joseph Conrad was the occasion of great rejoicing in my soul. I waited for it like a mariner waits for the harbor light to come within his range of vision. I was never disappointed in him but once and that was with his "Arrow of Gold." That book never seemed to me to be Joseph Conrad. True, there was the same bewitching labyrinth of psychological background but one had to search diligently to discover even a faint suggestion of the Conrad of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" or "Lord Jim."

The career of Joseph Conrad was as romantic as any of his books. Obviously such books as he wrote could only grow from an unusual life. The creative genius must first feel the depth and height of experience in his own soul before he can convincingly express himself through his medium. Every great poem, picture, oratorio, or book is first the inner possession of the artist. The degree of his art is determined by his ability to so create that the listener, reader or observer may feel the same thrill and sense of possession that the artist did as he worked away on the product of his creation. His books were but the biography of his own soul. All enduring books are. The mark of the eternal is upon his handiwork. Conrad will be read by your great-great grandchildren and he will be considered masterly by their offspring.

Born a Pole, he was unfamiliar with the English language until after his maturity. Then by sheer force of effort he mastered the English language. He thought in English, he wrote in English and became absorbed in English literature and culture. There are even a very few men of genius who can express themselves in a foreign language without evidences of imperfection or faulty technique. Not so with Conrad. His craftsmanship was nearly faultless. As a boy he heard the luring call of the sea. Far off islands, tropical bays, strange harbors and unchartered coasts awakened his poetic spirit. Night seas streaked with moonlight paths beckoned. The majesty of an angry ocean scourged into fury by a lawless wind was the complement to his own inner turmoil. Strange and unusual characters who are always found around ships, wharfs, and sea coast places became the living spirits of his books. They were his raw materials—the plastic clay that he modeled into living flesh. There is a depth of realism in the work of Conrad which cannot be confused by always thinking of him as a writer of romance. Perhaps one might say without becoming contradictory that he was a romantic realist. Sometimes, as in several places in "The Rover," he seems to be very involved but by careful analysis you will discover that his objective is very definite and the process by which he arrives very lucid. There are places when you must not read him hurriedly. Linger with him and gradually the unfoldment will take place and in a paragraph or two you will discover what some philosophers, psychologists, and novelists, have taken pages to tell. He consumes but a paragraph and at times a sentence. This is genius.

He passed one third of his life on the sea. The sea has ever been an inspiration to the poets. Philosophers prefer the mountains. Conrad is the sea—the sea with all of its moods, whims and caprices. It took possession of his soul and it was that soul which incessantly demanded to be made articulate. With whatever old scraps of paper happened to be at hand, in the cabin of an old tramp steamer, he wrote his first book "Almayer's Folly." It was published in his thirty-ninth year. It was at once recognized as the work of an artist. Critics on both sides of the water were of one voice. Lovers of good literature readily realized that a new voice was being heard, worthy of careful notice. From that time on Joseph Conrad has been growing in esteem and appreciation. A true artist, with infinite capacity for taking pains, he has become a factor to be always considered in formulating judgments of English literature. A governed and controlled imagination prevented him from ever evidencing any erotic influences. He set his standard on lofty heights. He saw clearly, he was faithful in portrayal.

When his second book, "The Nigger of the Narcissus" was published he verified the former promises of his first offering. He won by it a prize which relieved him of anxiety about financial matters and gave him an opportunity of working without the interferring worries of money affairs. He applied himself assiduously and has enriched the

culture of his adopted language. His creative power and his imagination account for his superlative genius. No writer ever became immortal without them.

It seems a significant coincident that just previously to his death Doubleday, Page & Co., announced "The Concord Edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad." There will be a revival of interest in Conrad and because of his death some will read him for the first time but he will increase in reception as the years come and go. It is difficult to think of death being strong enough to take Conrad away. Somehow I never could think of him and death ever meeting. He was so much a part of life and was so vital. His pages pulsated with life. They were tremulous with energy. And now he is dead. No, not dead! Death has no power over the true artist. He lives! Joseph Conrad, the creator, and poet, is eternal. I will never know the joy of picking up a "new book by Conrad" but I will always have the exquisite pleasure of reading again and again an "old one."

The sea is calm, the western sky is aglow with the lingering caress of a vanishing sun, a strange craft has just touched at the Port of Life. The Captain has summoned Joseph Conrad, like a good sailor he quietly yet firmly says "Aye, aye, sir." He has stepped aboard, the night wind has filled the sails, the strange craft is underway. It is just a spec on the distant horizon. It is gone—sailing for the Port Unknown.

Bon Voyage—Joseph Conrad!

PRAYER

An Extemporaneous Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley.

I approach these Sunday mornings with an almost indescribable feeling to one who has not been placed in a similar position of responsibility. I have never felt the responsibility of this task like I have felt it these past few Sundays. And I often sit here and think when you are singing the last of the hymn, "if you people who have been so kind and courteous and so splendid in your loyalty and support realized just what it means from this side of the pulpit." Sometimes it is almost with reluctance that I come on Sunday morning; sometimes I feel as though I would like to run away,—and that is cowardly; sometimes I feel that the responsibility of speaking to 2,000 or more people is more than I care to continue. The burden seems too great,—sometimes the odds are so much against one. And then when I receive letters from them, like I have received this week in regard to this subject and this sermon, that I know come from hungry hearts, from honest minds, from noble souls that are looking forward to what I might happen to say, to me then, notwithstanding the responsibility seems still the greater, the opportunity seems all the more beautiful and noble, and I summon every energy of body and soul and mind and meet it as best I can.

So I face every Sunday morning with a certain feeling of reluctance, and yet there is not a subject that I have or that I have ever preached upon that I feel so keenly the responsibility and in a certain sense a helplessness, like I feel with the immensity of this theme of Prayer. I feel it because it is so closely associated with every heart. I feel it because no matter what you and I might happen to believe intellectually about God, the church or religion or baptism, or creeds or formulas, or cults, in the background somewhere is almost a universal practice of prayer. No matter whether we pray audibly, or kneeling or standing or sitting, and no matter where we pray, whether it is the Roman Catholic church, the Jewish synagogue, the Protestant church, on the street, in the cars, in our homes, in bed,—no matter

where it is, all of us have prayed and all of us do pray. And so I feel the responsibility of daring to talk to you or to give you my own opinions about this great vital and important theme: Prayer.

On the very outset I want to say to you that never in my life have I purposely hurt man, woman or child, or any living thing, and I do not want to begin now. What I am going to say about prayer, please remember, comes from a heart that knows no bitterness or hate against your own particular attitude, your own individual belief. I have no desire this morning to shatter faith; I have no desire to destroy a source of inspiration or power that any heart in this audience might feel; I have no desire to shake you loose from the old things, the old attachments, the old practices, the old forms, and please remember if you detect or should think that you detect in some of my conclusions a bitterness against it, please remember that if you will carefully analyze my attitude you will find that there is no bitterness. But what I must do, if I am to meet the responsibility of this hour, and what the nature of the circumstances compel me to do, is to be honest with my own deductions as I see them, and if being honest with my own convictions compels me to make a separation from many of the old processes that some of you might have anchored to and still are anchored to, remember that I speak not as a dogmatist. You must go on your way alone, and work out your own destiny. There is no truer sentence in the Bible than the sentence that man must work out his own salvation. And all that I am going to say is merely the result of my own process, is merely the philosophy of prayer which has come from my own experience.

Like most themes that one finds sufficiently interesting to compel the attention of thinking people these days, the subject of prayer begins with a severe handicap; a handicap, because most of us have been trained to think of prayer as something which we are beginning to realize is not prayer at all. Most of us have been trained to think of prayer, either in the Roman Catholic or the Protestant Church, with the orthodox meaning; prayer, as petition or asking.

My own experience has been the experience of orthodoxy. I was trained in an orthodox church. I went the first 18 years of my life to an orthodox Sunday school. For six years I had a record of never missing a prayer service in the old church in the little town of less than 500 people. Every Thursday night when the bell started ringing, I would start for that little prayer service. There were only a few. I have never known more than ten to gather there. The same hymns were sung, the same scripture lessons repeated, Thursday night after Thursday night. And the dear old deacon, who has since made the Great Adventure and knows much more about it than I do, or you, said the same prayer for all of those years, and I could always gauge just how far he was along by the intonations of his voice. He had the sepulchre voice of the devitalized prayer, and he always closed that prayer with the same things, "And in the end ultimately, save us, for Christ's sake, Amen." There it was, and that was the environment, and I can well remember the first shock which I received (if a shock it was) that seemed to awaken me from the rut of that sort of thing, that pulled me out of the environment. Therefore, when I speak to you about prayer, I think I am safe in assuming that I can begin exactly where most of you begin, that the majority of us had that sort of training and that the majority of us were brought up to believe that prayer was that sort of a system. Therefore, I must begin and separate my conclusions into two separate and distinct channels; the first part, I am going to discuss prayer in the old sense; then I am going to conclude with the new sense of prayer as it means and reveals itself to me.

One of the things that you and I can very heartily concur in is the fact that very early in the history of the Republic, in the his-

tory of our own country, in the history of our homes, prayer was a very common thing. The old days of family prayer, called the family altar, were a very common thing in the country where I was brought up, and the home which did not open the day by the father taking down the family Bible, calling the farm hands or the workmen into the room and there, with the family, reading some passages from the Bible, and then all kneeling while the day was opened with prayer—those were the days when every meal was first preceded by the thought of Grace, when every meal was first consecrated to its uses by a recognition of prayer; those were days before the hurry of life had taken much of the sweetness and much of the romance out of it; those were days before commuters and early trains; those were days when a world was taking time to build; those were days when men who hurried were always pointed out as men of grasping dispositions and men to be shunned, rather than to be cultivated or envied; those were days when prayer, as you and I have thought of prayer in the old sense, was a very vital part of life; those were days before the human brain, through the inspiration of scientific classification of certain facts of knowledge talked to us about certain principles and laws in human society and in the world of materialistic physics; those were days before we were very vitally concerned about external powers operating without the suggestion of human adherence; those were the days before we took our chemistry or our astronomy, or our sociology or our economics, from out the world of science, and every man's opinion of these things was largely based by his knowledge of the Bible. When the new day dawned and gradually the liberation of the human mind took precedence over the practices of conventional systems of worship, man began to feel that his dependability upon some force outside of that of which he had no control was no longer satisfied or influenced by the procedure of prayer. So we have developed into a prayerless race; we have developed into a prayerless age. It would be a very interesting thing for me to know how many families in this audience this morning had family prayer together in their homes; how many young people here had ever heard their father or their mother pray; how many folks sit down to a table together to partake of the food that they earned and they worked for, we all admit, and yet express in a concrete way a tangible thankfulness for it all.

A prayerless age, a prayerless race, and the cold materialism of the set prayer with its constant repetition of phraseology destroying the vitality of the truth that it might contain.

We have now developed out of that idea of prayer, and you people know it just as well as I do and I realize it just as deeply as you do, and it has compelled a reorganization of our whole intellectual attitude toward the subject of prayer. If I am speaking to souls and to minds who are finding difficulties and problems about this subject of prayer, I realize that you have progressed and developed out of that same condition that I myself have gone through with, and perhaps what I might say to you might be of some help and of some virtue for you to work out your own problems on your own sense of values enriched and intensified by your own experience. I no longer believe in a personal God, as it is usually implied, in the anthropomorphic sense; God is not a being to me; He is not and cannot be classified in a locative sense; God is everywhere because He is nowhere. God in that sense can never be reached by petition; God in that sense can never hear, no matter the sincerity or the interest back of prayer, the spontaneous prayers that arise so frequently in the emergencies of our lives.

Whenever we come to the philosophy of causation, it is always necessary to antedate creation. There can be no result without a cause and there can be no cause without predecating a creative force. There are no accidents in life;

there are no accidents in nature. Every so-called accident, every catastrophe, the falling of a theatre roof, a great earthquake, a great fire, a pestilence, a drought—no matter what it is, it is not accidental, but it is the result of certain fundamental laws being violated and the result of the violation of those laws produced a certain result, and there is no power on earth or in Heaven big enough to violate a natural law without its inevitable result.

God in the sense of a king—(and it was this idea that was necessary for the vocabulary of prayer from the earliest times)—does not possess enough power to violate or break one of these fundamental laws. There are no miracles, in the sense of violation of natural laws, and every so-called miracle has a spiritual interpretation which it is possible for the real clear-thinking man to thoroughly apply into his moral and spiritual life with energy and with power. God, in the sense of being anthropomorphic, cannot exist, and cannot exercise His interference with the violation of natural laws. Just here I am treading upon territory that requires a great deal of abandonment on the part of any of you who are closely identified with our inherited traditions; it is far easier to believe that there is some power somewhere that can violate law, for certain results. It is far easier and much more comfortable to believe that there is some agency somewhere that is so interested in me or my loved ones that He would not let them be taken from me, or He would not let them be killed or be hurt; it is so much easier to believe that there is somewhere a personal being who does think of me as an identity, and Who will regulate affairs so that they will work to the highest advantage for me. That is the old idea of prayer and you will trace in prayer phraseology, first: the element of Flattery; "Oh, God, thou who art the great ruler and the king of the Universe; thou to whom angels bow and archangels worship!" The element of Flattery! And you will discover it in almost all orthodox prayers. There is first the approach, based upon terms of intimacy, and there is next introduced into the prayer through the old vocabulary the element of flattery,—and all can be directly traced to the influence of the idea prevailing that God was a king, and that because He was a king and sat upon a throne He would be susceptible to Flattery, and that by flattering Him and by calling repeated attention to His attributes and to His power we would be able to touch Him and be able to have that for which we prayed. I think every open-minded man and woman will recognize that element in prayer.

Then, following Flattery is a restatement of our own conditions; "Thou knowest that we are but worms in the dust; Thou knowest that we are but helpless beings; Thou knowest we are but Pilgrims in a foreign land; Thou knowest that we are but strangers!" Following flattery by describing to a power that, if it possesses all that we say it does, knows more about us than we know about ourselves, and yet, take up its time and our time by explaining to that power who and what we are; thinking of God in terms of omnipotence and of omniscence forever makes it unnecessary for me or anyone else to tell God in prayer how much of a worm I am, or how of the dust, or a Pilgrim in a foreign land! And I do not like that; "I am a Pilgrim and I am a Stranger." I am not a Pilgrim and I am not a Stranger, and this is not a foreign land. God placed me here, the causation of law worked and I am I. I was not consulted either as to my race, my creed, my birth, my sex, my life, environments; they were given to me and I had no choice, and because of that, they are mine. And my problem is to adjust myself to what was given to me and not insult the giver by being a "stranger" and a "pilgrim," waiting for another world when this one is plenty good enough. The old idea of prayer was not based upon that idea, nor was it incorporated upon that thought.

First, our petition; then following, our Flattery; then following, an explanation of ourselves, who we were. Then we come to the main body of the prayer, asking for what we want. And immediately there is introduced into the philosophy the old idea of God in terms of power to answer the thing we want; and then we conclude it all by saying: "For Jesus' sake," or, "In Christ's name."

Now, then, to the new thought of prayer: You say to me, "Why, my dear pastor, you pray in your pulpit." Yes, I pray; I have never been much of a believer in public prayer, and I am not today. I question whether any man has ever prayed in public without giving some consideration to the phraseology of his prayer. A true prayer does not consider phraseology, for it can be in its highest sense unuttered. And the prayer that I make in praying in public in my own church, and I say it from my own pulpit, on a Sunday morning is a prayer in which I am thinking a whole lot more about what I can do to help to put you in a frame of mind and heart that will help you when you go out than I am about Prayer in the usual sense. You wanted a confession, and here it is. I do not believe much in public prayer. I have heard men pray in public all my life, and I question whether any man ever prays in public without thinking more about the people that are hearing the prayer than the God he is praying to. Therefore, as far as prayer is concerned, you say "what is the use of praying at all?" Well, now, we have discarded the conventional phase of prayer; I have discarded entirely in my own experience the idea of clothing what I have to say in the conventional phrases of men that are the accumulation of the theological war of the centuries. We are through with them. Here is the proof: Do I pray? Yes, I never close my eyes at night, whether I am on a Pullman train or in my own bed at home, or in a hotel, or whereever I am, I have never closed my eyes at night without prayer. I say that to you because I am not boasting, but I am saying it to you because I want you to know the background for my conclusions. I believe in prayer. "Well, what sort of prayer do you believe in?" I will tell you: God to me is an unutterable principle, demonstrating good in every motif he possesses. There is never an hour when He does not have the interest of a world at stake. Not a personal, human interest, but an interest of continuity as to His own laws. The biggest thing a young mind can grasp in this age is this thought, that this is a moral-governed, law-governed Universe, and that certain principles and laws apply that cannot be abrogated, rescinded, modified or changed.

I know the four important divisions of mathematics; I do not know them very well, and I rarely got a passing mark in mathematics in my life, but I was reading Emerson's journal this week and I found out where the same thing was true of Emerson, and I feel better. I never got a passing mark in Mathematics in my life, but I can add and I can subtract, I can divide and I can multiply, quickly, readily. For instance, I know today is the 5th of February. Instantly, I think of next Sunday—and why it is the 12th, Lincoln's birthday. Did I apply, with a serious effort, or a studied position to take 7—7 days in a week and carefully add one day until I had counted to twelve? "Next Sunday is the 12th." Did I figure that way? A child would do it, but I am not talking about childish things. No, I did not; I immediately applied a law of mathematics, didn't I? I made no effort to reason out to myself that because this Sunday is the 5th, that next Sunday ought to be the 12th, did I? Nor did I pray to the principal of mathematics that he should change it so next Sunday would be the 14th, did I? I knew that 2 units and 2 units added together make 4; I know that, and I use it spontaneously.

What is prayer? Emerson said that "prayer was looking at life from the highest point of view." Is there anything more beautiful? "Prayer is looking at life from the highest point of view." What is

prayer? Prayer is this: Instead of trying to persuade God, by flattery or petition, to change something to suit me, why not pray that I might adjust myself to the harmonic principle of God?

Lord Byron said this: "Beauty is that which is in order," and true prayer consists of a serious intellectual effort to understand the laws of harmony of spiritual sublimity, that I might perceive those laws when I meet them; physical obedience to the laws of sanitation and of health that I might have a body to live them through; the prayer that God hears is the prayer of harmony. My whole effort, my whole desire, body and soul and brain to harmonize with the great eternal fact of God, and instantly then when some emergency comes up, what do I do? I do not stop to beg and flatter. No, I will try my law of mathematics; 2 and 2 are 4. Something awful has happened; a tragedy has come; I have no control over it; it has broken my heart and my life, but there is the background of the eternal God in terms of harmonic power, I realize at once that God is Good and "I know not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air, I only know I cannot drift, beyond His love, and care."

It is up to you, to help answer your own prayers; a prayer is that sincere effort of the soul to realize the completeness of that harmony. Let me close with this illustration that I love: Oh, it has given me a bigger Bible; these ideas have given me a bigger God. People say to me so much—a man said to me last week, whom I was talking to about this very thing, in a town in West Virginia, he said he was a Southern Baptist? Did you ever meet a Southern Baptist? Well, there is nothing the matter with their hearts, but we were talking theology, this man said to me: "How can you go to bed at night and go to sleep and not believe that if you should die, so and so would happen?" I said, "Well, in the first place, I know that God is three things: first, I know that He is a God of justice, and no man ought to be afraid of justice; next, I know that He is a God of love, and the greatest philosophic mind that ever Christianity knew, said that God was Love (Paul). And last, that God is eternal. What I believe about it or you believe will not change the facts."

Let me illustrate: You cannot see back of this stage there; and none of you know whether there is a light burning or not. You can believe what you want to believe about it; half of you can believe there is a light burning there, and you can reason by deduction because there are lights everywhere else. Half of you can reason there is not a light burning there because it would be useless during this service, and you can believe what you want to believe about it. What difference does it make what you believe? Why, it is what you would know about it, by information that could not be impeached. Your belief will not change the fact, whether there is a light or there is not. Isn't that sensible? It appears to me it is logical. Now, you go ahead and believe there is a light there if you want to, and you others go ahead and believe there is not a light, if you want to, and you can keep on believing it as long as you live, and it will not disturb the fact that there is a light there.

So, my friends, let us not worry about these things,. our orthodoxy, or our Atonement. Let us not worry about them. Let us realize that the real completeness in life consists in adjusting ourselves to every harmonic law; that prayer is the longing of the soul for the establishment of that law, that God in this sense hears every prayer; "Knock, and it shall be opened; seek, and ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given you." And it all depends what we knock on, what we seek for, and what we are asking, as the reason.

And then we have prayer. I see Him, this great misunderstood Christ, who was denied so much of life and yet found so much. This Man who never knew the joys of parenthood; this Man who had to see His friends, one by one, go away from Him in the dark; this Man,

who went aside to commune a little while in prayer, private prayer; this Man who wanted to re-establish the harmonic power of Himself with His God, so that some time He could stand and say, "I and My Father are one." Deserted by friends — they went back to their homes; they saw Him oozing blood from a great, vibrating, pulsating wound in His heart which the soldier's spear had made, as though you could find the heart of Christ with a spear! He saw it all, and they ran away from Him, and I see Him back there in the garden; it is nightfall, the last dying twitter of the woodland birds that frequent those rocks and rills is being hushed into the sweet stillness of the night; the moon is laughing its melody of beauty down the sky, but it does not reach His heart; His brow is furrowed with the responsibility chiseled by despair; His hands are clutching the rocks and He is sweating blood. He is clinging to that rock until it seems as though His fingers would tear it away, grasping, hanging on, in that great agony of his lonely soul. I hear Him voice the human prayer: "Father, Father! If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The old human prayer: "Let it pass from me." The old human petition: "Let it pass from me." Grief, sorrow, a broken heart, a great concern for the future, had all made Him in that hour human, and hanging there to that stone, he cried, "Father, let it pass from me," and then His Divinity overcame his humanity. "Father, let it pass from me." A pause. Like a flash, He saw it all; why, it was all revealed. "But, nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done." This is a true prayer!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Pantheon Theater
4650 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO.
Sundays—10:30 A M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, D. C. L.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

C. K. Anderson, President
531 Roscoe Street Wellington 4912
Fred'k. W. Spelz, Vice President
661 Irving Park Blvd. Lakeview 6696
Mrs. Philip E. Goold Secretary
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147
Thos. A. Harrison, Treasurer
938 Lawrence Ave Sunnyside 5412

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Thos. A. Harrison Thos. F. Manning
Fred'k. W. Spelz H. A. Borresen
C. K. Anderson G. U. Gairing
J. F. Hecht Dr. C. B. Gibson
Nathan T. Ladenson Mrs. A. W. Fuchs
Mrs. Philip E. Goold

WOMAN'S CLUB OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President
1611 Wilson Avenue Sunnyside 1324
Mrs. C. P. Boyle, Vice-President
814 Lawrence Avenue Sunnyside 6391
Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf, Rec. Secy.
4511 N. Francisco Ave. Irving 4141
Miss Meta Roth Brand, Treasurer
1732 Chase Avenue Rogers Park 8082
Mrs. S. J. Storfer, Cor. Secy.
1013 Ainslie Street Sunnyside 5032

DIRECTORS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Mrs. G. P. Boyle, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, Mrs. G. U. Gairing, Mrs. Paul Megelin, Mrs. S. J. Storfer, Mrs. Dora Reynolds, Miss M. R. Brand, Mrs. Frank A. Goold, Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple, Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

James Griffin, President
927 Galt Ave. Edgewater 4342
Newman A. Dumont, Vice President
725 Wilson Ave. Edgewater 6406
Miss Gertrude Jacobs, Recording Secy.
4728 Virginia St. Ravenswood 2954
Miss Beatrice Jordan, Cor. Secy.
912 Sunnyside Ave. Sunnyside 5643
Lamar Hesselberg, Treasurer
823 Lawrence Ave. Sunnyside 4771
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Chaperons
938 Lawrence Ave. Sunnyside 5412

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Nathan T. Ladenson, Church Service
6920 Sheridan Road Sheldrake 7677
Mrs Philip E. Goold, Social
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147
Thos. F. Manning, Finance & Auditing
Sheridan Plaza Hotel Victory 9220
Mrs. Chas. W. Corning, Sermon Table
4118 N. Lawndale Ave. Irving 3939

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

Mr. DeWitt Durgin Lash,
420 Fine Arts Building

ORGANIST

Dr. A. P. Baur, 2300 Estes Ave.

THE LIBERAL

Published monthly by The Peoples Church. Copyrighted, August, 1924.
Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley .....
..... Associate Editor
Mrs. P. E Goold .... Business Manager
919 Sheridan Road Wellington 6147
William Saunders, Advertising Manager
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220
Mail all subscriptions to the Business Manager and all matters in regard to the advertising to the Advertising Manager.

HOW YOU MAY HELP

There are four distinct ways in which you can help make "The Liberal" a success and thereby directly assist the Church. First, by becoming a subscriber. The subscription price is only one dollar a year. Twelve numbers are issued and each number contains editorials and a sermon by Dr. Bradley, besides the news of the affiliated organizations and the church news. Second, by mentioning "The Liberal" to our advertisers when you transact business with them. Because of their patronage the magazine is made possible. Let them know that you appreciate it and invite other advertisers to take space in the magazine. A word from you about this might result in our being able to have a larger and better paper. Third, by calling attention of your friends to this magazine. If you are not keeping a file of the issues please pass your copy on. Fourth, by sending items of interest about our Church friends to the Associate Editor who has charge of the Church News. We want to make this magazine the very best in the church magazine field and we cannot do it without your assistance. The growth has been most remarkable. The April, May, July and August numbers are now exhausted. There are only a few copies left of the June number. Already the magazine is going into several states. An announcement concerning "The Liberal" was published by the Christian Register in Boston and resulted in several requests being made for the magazine. The Editors of "The Liberal" greatly acknowledge the kindness of the Editor of "The Christian Register." A feature which has met with expressions of gratitude from many is the "Book Chats" written by Dr. Bradley. The magazine is a part of the church program and has the same attitude toward all questions of religion. It is an opportunity for extending the work of the church. As such we trust it merits your support. If not a subscriber will you kindly sign in the space provided at the beginning of the advertising section and mail to Mrs. P. E. Goold, Business Manager, 919 Sheridan Road, the name, enclosing one dollar. The September number will contain some interesting announcements concerning the church season of the winter. Will you not help?

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

The plans for the Choir outing are completed. The choir will go to Sylvan Beach Hotel, at Channel Lake, Antioch, Illinois, Wednesday, September 3rd and stay until after the Vesper Service Sunday, September, the 7th, Dr. Bradley will return for the Vesper Service and will speak at the great out-of-door service on "The Religion of Out-of-Doors." Members of the Church and Congregation who wish to accompany the choir on their outing may do so by communicating with Mr. Roth, of the Sylvan Beach Hotel, who will furnish rates, for the full or part time as may be desired. Mr. C. K. Anderson at Wabash 6692 or 208 S. LaSalle will also be pleased to furnish information. The choir will hold a recital on the lawn of Mr. Anderson's summer home, near the hotel, Saturday evening, September 6th, at which the Churches of Antioch will be the guests.

It is very much desired that those of our members who have automobiles, who find it convenient, will place them at the disposal of Mr. Nathan Ladenson, 6920 Sheridan Road, phone Sheldrake 7677, on Wednesday morning, September 3rd at 8:00 o'clock, for the purpose of conveying the choir to the lake and also for the return trip after the Vesper Service, Sunday, September 7th.

We hope to make the Vesper Service a great event. Dr. Bradley is coming six hundred miles to give the address. Many are already planning to spend the Sunday at Channel Lake. To those who are planning a September vacation why not spend it at Beautiful Channel Lake with the Choir, many interesting events are being planned and a very pleasant time will be had. —Dewitt Durgin Lash—Director.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The chairman of the program committee of The Temple Club is at work on the program for the winter activities. It is planned that by the opening of church the program can be announced. There will be two meetings a month. One will be of an educational nature and the other social. Dr. Bradley is going to give some lectures on "The Religious Problems of Young People." After each lecture there will be held an open forum. The attendants may ask questions of each speaker. The Program Committee is also favorably considering putting on a group of plays during the winter. The proceeds to be given to the Building Fund of the Peoples Church. Many of the present members have had considerable experience in stage work and in recital. There are many of exceptional talent in the church who, we hope, would be glad to assist the club. The most interesting programs possible will be arranged for every meeting of the Club. An invitation of deep cordiality is extended to the younger group attending The Peoples Church.

If you are interested in the work of the Club Miss Beatrice Jordan, 912 Sunnyside Ave., phone Sunnyside 5643, will be glad to tell you about it and if you will send her your name she will keep you informed about the activities.

Many of the members of The Temple Club plan to attend the Vesper Service conducted by Dr. Bradley and the Chorus Choir at Channel Lake, Sylvan Beach Hotel, Antioch, Ill., on the afternoon of Sunday, September 7th.

AUGUST DAYS

August I think must be the sister month to April, for in these two months more than all the others my Lady Nature indulges in the full ganut of her moods. She holds a magic mirror reflecting the balmy loveliness of June then adroitly suggesting what November may bring. August days are full of surprises, and one is kept on the qui-vive wondering what tomorrow holds in store. These are the days when my gar-

den fulfils the promise of June. The cosmos is growing in profusion—pink and rose and white flowers on slender graceful stems swaying in the breeze; numbers of yellow-jacket bumble bees hover over them as they drink in the flower-sweetness to add to their own winter's store. (What lovely honey that needs must be!) There are gay little bachelor-buttons like bits of blue sky sprinkled here and there; gorgeous poppies of every hue, single, tripple and "pom-poms"—looking for all the world like dainty tissue paper, and zinias rich in pastelle shades, cheerful white daisies, favorite of my childhood, and quaint petunias sending into the evening air their spicy fragrance. The boarder of gypsophila, that frail white star-like little flower growing in thick clusters adds daintiness and grace to any bouquet and much beauty to the garden. Among the trees and over the garden these August nights fantastic lights flicker and glow. I'm told they are fire-flys but I truly think they are the lanterns of the tree fairies holding carnival.

Following a day of rain when the wind howls, trees bend and sway, the birds stay closely cradled in the branches and the only song is the steady drip drip from the eaves and patter of rain on the roof, one is quite certain to be awakened next morning by brilliant sunshine and upon hurrying out doors to greet the day he stands awed at the glory of such a morning; the world is all a-glitter with quivering golden light, every branch and leaf eloquent with individual beauty; above in a sky of lyric blue majestic white clouds finely sculptured in bass-relief slowly float—on and on—to the slightly paler sky of the far horizon. All day long these dreamships sail the heavens. All day long one drinks deep draughts of the clear sweet air, and is filled with the joy of living. Now and then a bird song breaks into one's meditation, little bird-mothers are busy teaching their second broods to try their wings. The lake is like glass; a boat passes, a canoe glides by; a sea gull with its warning call dips down into the water, rises with a fish in it's claws and soars out of sight. A pink tint appears in the West, deepening to rose and orange, like magic all the clouds instantly become masses of exquisite color, — looking at the garden one thinks they have discovered a secret — have not the flowers which blossom new each morning gathered their color and loveliness from the sunset to make more beautiful another day?

Looking up one exclaims, for there in place of the cloud of a moment ago the evening star is shining! As the rose-colored west softens to violet water and sky put on a darker veil, there is a chill in the air that can only be described as "evening." A breeze blows from mainland in the hazy distance, the water ripples and laps the shore in rhythmic murmur, lulling one into dreamy peace. The tall pines almost black in the waning light, silhouetted against the sky, form a picture lovely as a Japanese print. As one gazes to fill the heart with such a scene—slowly—mysteriously—in silent grandeur the golden rim of the August moon in the third quarter comes into view, scattering jewels like rose petals on every dimpled wave, and building the scene with gentle silver bands. A deep sense of gratitude for this perfect August day swelling my heart I look up, and I see the North star more brilliant than the rest, twinkling above the dearest spot on earth "Arden"—our Island Home!

—G. T. B.

WOMAN'S CLUB OUTING

Forty friends and members of our Woman's Club will ever hold August 15th, 1924, in fond remembrance, spent as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson.

By the shores of Channel's waters,
Where, with woodlands all about it,

Stands the cottage of C. K. A.,
And his spouse, the lovely Leila.

Two chartered motor busses with Host Anderson in his Lincoln leading the van, formed the caravan which left the big city beneath troubled skies but with eager, happy hearts.

Ere we realized it, our journey of sixty miles was behind us. Nearing Channel Lake was a water flooded region rain caused, appropriately named Venice by our women, through which our automobiles gondolaed in an almost literal sense to the alarm of some, but to the evident amusement and delight of most of us.

Andy Villa, by which name the Anderson cottage is known throughout this summer community soon hove into view and presently our genial hostess, Mrs. Anderson, bids us a gracious welcome.

What a charming, spacious home is this in a fine natural setting of waters, woods, and sky.

Soon a bounteous lunch is spread to which, superfluous to add, forty hungry women apply themselves with a right good will.

A letter of greeting in her characteristically vivid style, has come out of the heart of Minnesota's forests from Mrs. Bradley, as well as from a certain famous fisherman and Vice President, Mrs. Boyle reads them to our keenly interested company.

A night letter from the assembled company is wired to Tower, felicitating Dr. Bradley upon his birthday, August nineteenth.

We must not fail to record Mrs. Wynn and Miss Hazel Roberts entertained with a number of excellent vocal selections.

Skipper Anderson thrice guided his good ship "Lorraine" with parties of women around the waters of Channel Lake for which every one was grateful.

Our homeward journey was made beneath a rain filled sky.

But no rain can effectually dampen the spirits of our naturally jolly crowd. The verdict of all can best be couched in the prediction from Mrs. Bradley's Arden message when she said, "No matter what the weather, I know your hostess will make you feel.....the beauty of a day, well and happily spent."

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. Bradley has been invited by the President, Dr. Franklin I. Southworth, of Meadville Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pennsylvania, to deliver the Annual Commencement address of the Seminary at Meadville on the morning of September 25th. He has accepted the invitation. Meadville Theological Seminary is one of the oldest Seminaries in America and is known as a great liberal institution. It is Unitarian in character and has produced some of the finest clergyman in the church. Dr. Bradley has chosen for his subject "The Renewal of the Mind."

Mrs. H. A. Borresen, of 826 Eastwood Ave., has been called to Ashland, Wis., by the serious illness of her mother.

Many friends and members of the church are planning to spend Sunday, September 7th, at Antioch, Ill., on Channel Lake. In the afternoon at the Sylvan Beach Hotel The Peoples Church Chorus Choir will give a recital and Dr. Bradley, the pastor, will speak. "Andy-Villa," the summer home of the President of our board of trustees, Mr. C. K. Anderson, is on Channel Lake and it is through the courtesy of him that the Choir Outing and Vesper service could be arranged.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley will leave Duluth September 20th, for Buffalo, N. Y., the Doctor is going east to deliver the Commencement Address at Meadville Theological Seminary. They will return to Chicago October first.

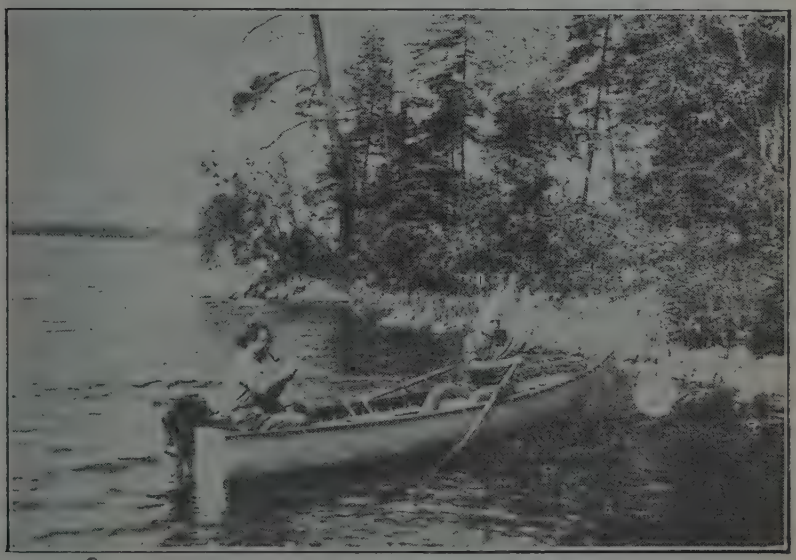
Director Dewitt Durgin Lash, of the Chorus Choir and Mrs. Lash, are on a months' vacation in Michigan. Mr. Lash is an indefatigable worker and has assembled a remarkable organization in the time that he has been with the church. The Peoples Church Chorus Choir is a very necessary and vital factor in our church services.

Mrs. Hannah Goodfellow, 4254 N. Hermitage Ave., is still confined to her bed after meeting with a serious accident by falling last April. In spite of her advanced age and condition she maintains a splendid spirt. She would be pleased to see her friends of the church.

Dr. Bradley celebrated his birthday on Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota, on August 18. Mrs. Bradley, entertained a few guests in his honor. He was the recipient of many birthday cards and greetings from church friends. Dr. J. Morriston Thomas and family, and Miss Beatrice Jordan were the guests from Chicago.

The Associate Editor, Mrs. Bradley, will be pleased to receive at Tower, Minnesota, items of interest concerning members and friends of the church. Kindly mail them before September 5th. Your co-operation in this matter will be greatly appreciated by her.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Roberts, 633 Cornelia Ave., are enjoying a month's rest and recreation in the camps and golf links about Denver, Colo.



of the Real Estate firm of Harrison and Riedy, 4641 Sheridan Road, and treasurer of The Peoples Church, at Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minn. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley make their summer home on Black Duck Island, which they own and they report it a real "Paradise" for the tired city folk. Fishing is good, as indicated by the Dr.'s tight line.

Dr. Bradley is going to travel over six hundred miles to attend the Vesper Service at Channel Lake, Antioch, Ill. How much of an effort will you make to be there?

Mrs. Henry Thomas, 1732 Arthur Ave., has been taking a forced rest due to illness. She is much improved and expects to be ready for the heavy bazaar work of the coming year after the outing, September 7th.

It is regretted that Hay Fever confines Mrs. Denicke, 936 Margate Terrace, to her home these August days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cleveland, 1855 Byron St., are on an extended automobile trip through the East, when last heard from they were enjoying the Adirondack Mountains.

Mrs. Dora Reynolds, 918 Sunnyside Ave., Chairman of the Philanthropic Department of the Woman's Club, attended the G. A. R. Convention in Boston, Aug. 15, 16, and 17. She will visit historical and literary landmarks thereabouts. She tells us her trip is giving her added zeal for her winter's work.

Mrs. C. L. Botley, 3706 Rokeby St., is visiting relatives in her old home of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. George Gairing and daughter, Virginia, 1264 Winnemac Av., left Saturday, Aug. 16th, for New York City and points East.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH:

Arrangements have been made for an outing with the Choir, under the leadership of Dewitt Durgin Lash, at the Sylvan Beach Hotel, Antioch, Ill., beginning Sept. 3rd and ending Sunday afternoon, Sept. 7th.

Choir rehearsals will be held twice a day during their stay, and a concert will be held on the lawn at my home, which is a short distance from the hotel, between Channel and Catherine Lakes, Saturday evening, the 6th, at 7:30 p. m.

An out-of-door service will be held at the Sylvan Beach Hotel, Sunday afternoon, the 7th, at 3 o'clock, and our Pastor, Dr. Bradley, will deliver a sermon on the subject of "Out-of-Door Religion" following a recital given by the Choir.

It would be very pleasant if you could come out some time during their stay. Arrangements could be made to stay at the Sylvan Beach Hotel, and if they could not take care of you, accommodations could be had at other hotels.

The Sylvan Beach Hotel can be reached by auto from several directions,—for instance, by Waukegan and Belvidere Roads to Grayslake Road, or by Gurnee; or Milwaukee Ave. to Libertyville and then west to Grayslake. There is a cement road nearly all the way. For those who travel by train, there is the Soo Line.

Anyone desiring further information may call my office (Wabash 6692) or write Mr. Roth of the Sylvan Beach Hotel, Antioch, Ill.

You are cordially invited to attend these affairs and call upon us at our home. We have a big undertaking for the coming season, and this is the beginning. Let us make this our biggest success. The stronger we grow, the better.

Yours very truly,

C. K. Anderson,

President.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

says:

"INSURANCE is the modern method by which men make the uncertain—CERTAIN—and the unequal—EQUAL."

"INSURANCE is part charity and part business, but ALL just COMMON SENSE."

"Every INSURANCE policy is a declaration of independence, a charter of economic freedom. He who holds one has overcome adversity."

call—

CLYDE I. BACKUS

President

UPTOWN INSURANCE EXCHANGE

For — ALL INSURANCE

Tel. Ardmore 0999 4737 Broadway

Phone Sunnyside 6798

LAWRENCE HAND LAUNDRY

CLEANING and DYEING

Hand Work Guaranteed

1054 LAWRENCE AVE.

Phone Sunnyside 8686

SHERIDAN HAND LAUNDRY

Free Mending

We call and deliver

4937 SHERIDAN ROAD

Phone Graceland 9886 Storage Vault Protected by A. D. T.

Jos. F. Verborn

EXPERT FURRIER

Formerly Vice President O. R. May Fur Co.

MANUFACTURER & RETAILER OF HIGH GRADE FURS

Remodeling—Storage 3928 BROADWAY

M. HOEFER BEAUTY PARLOR

4516 BROADWAY
Phone Ravenswood 0469

New Location: Suite 213-15
McJunkin Building
Established 1905

Facial Treatment, Shampooing, Electrolysis, Scalp Treatment, Manicuring, Marcel Waving, Hair Dyeing, Bobbing and Shingling, Permanent Waving, Specialists Hair Goods. Men Operators.

Have It Done By Hand

It Costs you no More

All our work is done by hand at the same price as machine work. All mending done FREE.

ACE HAND LAUNDRY

M. KASTIL, Prop.

1063 LELAND AVE.
Tel. Edgewater 7479

ARCADIA LUGGAGE SHOP

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRAVEL

Hand Luggage and Wardrobe Trunks

Nothing will add to your comfort more than proper Luggage and Accessories, of which we have a big line to choose from.

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases and Leather Novelties

D. BERGER, Prop.

Telephone Sunnyside 6529

4426 BROADWAY

THE CEMETERY BEAUTIFUL

Planted amidst nature's own beauty, man has created a beautiful park cemetery. The sunken gardens, the winding paths, and the imposing chapel makes this spot a vision of beauty. It is indeed a fitting final resting place for our beloved ones.

MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY AND ANNEX

Gross Point Road and Harrison St.

½ Mile West of Evanston

We want you to visit this cemetery. You will find it interesting and attractive. You should reserve for yourself a family lot—all lots in Memorial Park are sold with full perpetual care guaranteed. Suitable easy payments—no interest. Don't miss this opportunity.

YOU ARE INVITED

to call or write to the main office, 703 Marquette Bldg., and make appointments to have one of our representatives call for you in an automobile to take you to and from the cemetery. No obligation. Investigate NOW!

CENTRAL CEMETERY CO.

703 Marquette Bldg. Dept. 0000 Chicago

Our perpetual care funds are on deposit with the Trust Department of the Central Trust of Illinois.

Comfort is What we Sell

Nothing changes the appearance and adds to your comfort more than a set of GENUINE RICE FABRIC SEAT COVERS — CLEAN — COOL — COMFORTABLE.

Bring in your car and have them tailored to fit your seats.

DE LUXE AUTO SEAT COVER CO.

4424 BROADWAY

Tel. Sunnyside 3215

ANNOUNCEMENT

We take this column as a means of announcing the opening of our new shop.

Hair Bobbing is Our Specialty

and handled by a Licensed Lady Barber

Also marcelling, scalp treatments, facials, manicuring, etc. We solicit a share of your patronage.

MARIE CHAPS' BEAUTY SHOP

MARIE CHAPS, Prop.

4206 Broadway, cor. Buena

Where High Quality Is Low Priced

SPAULDING SHOPS

Ladies' Apparel and Sport Wear

Chicago Stores

North Side
4632-34 Sheridan Rd., North of Wilson

Down Town
6 W. Washington St. 1 door west State

South Side
1211 E. 63d St., at Woodlawn Ave.
914 E. 63d St., at Drexel Ave.

ORIGINATORS OF LADIES' CORRECT DRESS

MAISON de FASHION

4642 SHERIDAN ROAD

We show a complete assortment of Millinery in Latest Fashioned Designs and an Exclusive Stock of Jewelry, Novelties, Etc.

We cordially invite your inspection.
The House of Style

Mrs. Kirby, Mgr.
Phone Sunnyside 0500

FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVE 50 to 100%

CHARLES FURNITURE CO.

Factory Samples
PARLOR SUITES and CHAIRS

4506 BROADWAY

Edgewater 0431
All Work Guaranteed

A to Z ELECTRIC & RADIO SHOP

4525 BROADWAY

We Repair All Makes of Electrical and Radio Apparatus

Curling Irons, Cords, Percolators, Grills, Toasters, Irons, Lamps, Heaters, Sockets, Fans, Eec.

SERVICE QUALITY

Flowers are the most personal and expressive gift

—For the home
—For the sickroom
—As gifts to others

ALBERT HALL FLORIST

Quality and Service

Sheridan Plaza Hotel Bldg.
4611 Sheridan Road

PHONE EDGEWATER 2670

Yes, We Deliver Promptly

Sunnyside 7350-8447 B. Neiger

NORTH SHORE FASHION SHOP

4704 SHERIDAN ROAD
Near Leland

COATS, SUITS, DRESSES,
Furs, Fur Coats

LEWIS & SIMON QUALITY CORNER

CLOTHING, HATS, FURNISHINGS

Edgewater 1486

4659 SHERIDAN ROAD

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

If Good, Reliable Goods, Lowest Possible Prices, Fair and Square Dealing, Polite Attention, will get it, we can count on you for a Customer.

GILMORE'S MEAT AND FRUIT MARKET

4207 BROADWAY

Phone Buckingham 8001-8002

Telephone Edgewater 8981
Fur Storage and Repairing

KLEIN'S FUR SHOP

Manufacturing
High Grade Furs
From Factory to Wearer

4746-48 SHERIDAN ROAD

"For Right Service at Right Prices"

Phones:
Sunny. 2943 Ardmore 2845

SWAN'S MOTOR EXPRESS

MOVING and EXPRESS

4361 Kenmore Ave.

GOODYEAR—FIRESTONE—UNITED STATES and SYRA
CORD SERVICE STATION—SUPPLIES and TIRE REPAIRING

NATIONAL AUTO TIRE COMPANY

4344 SHERIDAN ROAD

Drive In Inside Service

— MOTOR TO —

MILANI'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT

1118-24 BRYN MAWR AV.

At "L" Sta. E of Broadway

Private Parking in Rear

Famous Italian Table D'hote Dinners

Spaghetti and Ravioli a Specialty

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR PARTIES

LOUIS MILANI

Phone Edgewater 3475

Buy a Buick

Receive Service in Your Own Neighborhood

BROADWAY BUICK CO.

Tel. Sunnyside 0690

5701 Broadway

WEST-GRANT CO.

UPHOLSTERY and DRAPERIES

Slip covers and mattress work, Cabinet work, repairing and refinishing, upholstered furniture made to order.

Tel. Bittersweet 0576

904 IRVING PARK BLVD.

Ph. Buckingham 4652 We deliver

STRATFORD DELICATESSEN

ARON and THASKY

4131 SHERIDAN ROAD

Hot Roasts, Baked & Boiled Meats, Salads, Sandwiches

Whole Roasts to Order

As Near to You as Your Phone

FISHMAN'S

FRUIT & VEGETABLE MARKET

Fruits and Vegetables Fresh every day

4429 BROADWAY

Telephone Sunnyside 4390

North Side Lumber & Timber Company

Lumber and Mill Work, Best Wall Plaster Board, Wall Board, Asphalt Shingles and Roofing

Phones: Lakeview 926 and 927

LINCOLN AVENUE and GRACE STREET

AMBROSE J. KRIER

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS and HATS

1030 WILSON AVE.

Edgewater 5017

Open Evenings

Dine—Dance at at the coolest spot

BEACH VIEW GARDEN

Wilson at Clarendon

Delicious Dinner and A la Carte Service

Give us a Trial!
Refined Music

ESTABLISHED 1908

PHONE SUNNYSIDE 3361

C. TOKAR.
THE FURRIER

4455 BROADWAY

Furs—
For sale at a great reduction

Furs—
Stored at Reasonable rates

Furs—
Repaired and Remodeled

We carry a full line of Fur Coats
Wraps, Jacquetes, also Fur Trimming

VISIT ELLA PEHL
at the
NORTH SHORE BEAUTY SHOP
WELLINGTON 2000 3465 BROADWAY
The Things We Do—
Nestle, Lanoil, Permanent Waving
Just the thing for the summer months
Also Electrolysis, Hair Dyeing, Shampooing, Marcel Waving, Scalp Treatments, Permanent Waving, Muscle Strapping, Facials, Hair Goods Made to Order

Sam S. Piser Chas. M. Arnold
PISER UNDERTAKERS
4934-36 BROADWAY
Edgewater 7674-7675
Parlors and Chapel
Lady Attendant
Elaborate Service —
Cost Remains with You

KRUEGER'S HARDWARE STORE
Established in 1856
Paints, Kitchen Outfitters, Cutlery, Janitor's Supplies
4543 BROADWAY
Telephone Edgewater 1240

A. F. HAMACEK
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SMART FOOTWEAR
Mothers,we are specializing in Children's Shoes
4645 BROADWAY
Tel. Ravenswood 2368

Wittbold FLORIST
PLANTS, FLOWERS, DECORATIONS
We are as near to you as your phone
Tel. Buckingham 1000
745 BUCKINGHAM PLACE

EDGEWATER 1249
Call this Number when in need of
PLUMBING - - HEATING
George Herwig
4535 BROADWAY, Downstairs

RIVIERA HAND LAUNDRY
Cleaning and Dyeing
Silk Shirts repaired and washed
We do mending
Phone Sunnyside 5450
4718 N. RACINE AVE.

Have your Furs Remodeled during the summer and save 25% at
HORN'S FUR SHOP
4707 Sheridan Road
Telephone Edgewater 2635
Storage Free

Established Twelve Years
ARGYLE JEWELERS
DIAMOND SETTERS—OPTICIANS
1124 ARGYLE STREET PHONE RAVENSWOOD 2699

Thomas A. Harrison Edw. J. Riedy

HARRISON & RIEDY

Members Chicago Real Estate Board,

Chicago Board of Underwriters

REAL ESTATE, RENTING, LOANS, INSURANCE

4641 SHERIDAN RD.
Edgewater 0472
Chicago

"UPTOWN'S LARGEST STORE FOR MEN"

MEEK & MEEK

Clothiers, Hatters, Haberdashers

4611-13 BROADWAY, at Wilson

Open Every Evening

WEDDING CAKES, BIRTHDAY CAKES, PARTY CAKES

CAMERANO PASTRY SHOPS

American and European Cakes and Pastries

Main Store and Office—4535 Broadway—Phone Edgewater 5078
Edgewater Branch—6171 Broadway—Phone Sheldrake 1556
Rogers Park Branch—1414 Morse Ave.—Phone Rogers Park 9789

THE AINSLIE BEAUTY SHOP
and
HAIR MANUFACTURER

1055 AINSLIE ST. ARDMORE 2480

Shampooing
Marcelling
Facials

Scalp Treatments
Manicuring
Henna Packs

There is no use to worry about your hair being cut too short or does not stay in curl. We know, all of us, that curls are hard to keep in perfect order. M. Negrescou, hair manufacturer has found a remedy, something that you can pin on easily and looks as though you had never been bobbed.

Special sale during this month. Hair goods of every description made to order to suit your individual requirement. Switches, Side Waves, Drape Waves, Pomadore and Transformation, guaranteed to match your hair perfectly.

We also water wave all false pieces. Mr. Negrescou will give his personal attention.

Schiller

FLOWERS

LAST LONGEST

4509 BROADWAY

Telephone Ravenswood 7550

For Good Things to Eat

Go To

THE AVERY BAKERY & DELICATESSEN

J. C. BAGGE & SON, Props.

1123 WILSON AVE.

Edgewater 2420

1025 WILSON AVE.

Sunnyside 6698

Member Cook Co. Real Estate Board

and Board of Underwriters

Phone Sheldrake 1230

J. F. HECHT

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

Renting — Insurance

Deals made under "Torrens System"

1509 DEVON AVENUE

HELD & HAGEN

Builders' and General Hardware
Cutlery, Tools and Stoves

3341-43 NORTH CLARK STREET
Lake View 661

TISCHER'S PHARMACY

E. A. Tischer, R. P.

Phone Buckingham 3020

4181 CLARENDON AVE.

Phone Sunnyside 3569

SHERMONT BAKE AND FOOD SHOP

CATERERS OF
GOOD THINGS TO EAT
4409 SHERIDAN ROAD

Valet Service **Buckingham 4751**

PHIL J. PARKER

CLEANERS and DYERS

Repairing, Remodeling, Pressing
Reasonable Prices
Work called for and delivered
Laundry Agency
936 BUENA PARK AVE.

SPORT WEAR, BLOUSES,

NEGLIGEES, LINGERIE

THE SWISS SHOP, INC.

4606 SHERIDAN ROAD

Edgewater 4611 **Near Wilson Ave.**

Member of American Osteopathic Assn.
Four Year College Graduate
Twelve Years' Experience
Charges Reasonable

DR. NELSON JACKSON

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
843 BELMONT AVENUE
Phone Wellington 3676
Hours: 930 to 5:30 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment
Calls made at homes
Residence
1741 Washington Blvd. Ph. Seeley 1871

Ph. Edgewater 5220 **D. I. Bauer, Mgr.**

UPTOWN STYLE SHOP AND ANNEX

4649-53 SHERIDAN ROAD
Near Leland
GOWNS, WRAPS, DRESSES, SUITS

DID YOU EVER TRY

M. SKOOGLUND'S CAFETERIA

1136-38 WILSON AVENUE **SUNNYSIDE 1044**

3020 N. Tripp Ave. — Phone Kildare 1000
1029 University Place, Evanston—Phone Evanston 1318

WIELAND DAIRY COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE AND DISTRIBUTING STATION

3642-44 Broadway ***Telephone Lake View 2900***

AMERICA

God built a Continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He studded it with sweet flowing fountains, and traced it with long winding streams. He carpeted it with soft, rolling plains and columned it with thundering mountains. He planted it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song.

Then He called unto a thousand people and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth each bearing a gift of hope. The glow was in their eyes and in their hearts the glory of Hope.

And out of the bounty of earth and the labor of men, out of the longing of hearts and the prayers of souls, out of the memory of ages and the hopes of the world, God fashioned a Nation of Love: blessed it with purpose sublime and called it AMERICA.

FIDELITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

WILSON AVENUE, At Broadway

A CLEARING HOUSE BANK

A Community Bank for You

GEORGE KLANER
Funeral Director

Motor Ambulances

Phone Edgewater 2966 *4717 BROADWAY*

CLARENCE C. HEMMICK

MEN'S WEAR, SHIRT MAKER, HATS, CAPS

Hotel Sheridan Plaza

SUNNYSIDE 7059 SHERIDAN RD., At Wilson Ave.

NELSON & WESTERBERG

PHONE EDGEWATER 0897-1827

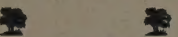
Suburban Moving and
Motor Express

Trunks to and from all Depots
Near Foster Avenue

5145-47 N. Clark Street

What will YOUR Harvest Be?

You cannot sow seeds of disease and reap health!



LIVE IN THE ENJOYMENT OF GOOD HEALTH

Good living and long life go together. Both are possible, but your possession of health with enjoyment depends mostly on you. No one can sow for disease and escape the narvest; the seeds of disease produce kind for kind.

MODIFY YOUR HABITS

Disease is usually the habit of wrong habits of living and eating. Thousands of people know nothing of the harmful effects of overeating of denatured foods which starve the body and fail to supply the vital elements that are necessary to replace the vitality constantly being consumed. They fail to understand the importance of a balanced ration. Change your habits at once, before it is too late. Investigate this wonderful food.

BERHALTERS' COOKED WHOLE WHEAT

It is rich in Protein. It contains every one of the 16 life sustaining elements that the human body requires. This fact alone as well as its being a balanced ration is positively required for your healths sake. Our special process preserves every vitamine, yet makes its natural flavor more delicious. Make it a necessary part of your diet and see what wonderful results you will obtain.

SEND FOR A CASE

Physicians, food scientists, mothers and fathers highly recommend BERHALTERS' COOKED WHOLE WHEAT. We suggest a case for a fair test. See how quickly constipation goes, watch it correct indigestion, acid stomach, rheumatism, nervous conditions, etc.

Do not fail to visit our store and see our full line of health foods.

BERHALTER'S

Healthfood Headquarters

1423 N. CLARK ST. **Tel. SUPERIOR 1289**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE HOPPER

at

4632 SHERIDAN ROAD

If you haven't as yet made it a point to drop in for luncheon, dinner, a sandwich or just a cool refreshing drink—do so now and enjoy a real treat.

(We recommend The Hopper)